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Opposites Attract

by [ColorsofaYinYang](#)

Summary

Because when you misunderstand someone, it makes things a whole lot funnier.

I don't own.

Notes

This fanfic is set in my Castle Oblivion Au!, which is pretty much a Magic School Au!. So yeah.

If you want more of this overused Au, then read my story on MissLiterati. It is called Bright Rooms, Dark Corners.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

You Mean More

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Jack Wilder joined the Eye, he didn't think it would be like this.

First of all, he was enrolled in a boarding school on a floating island. Castle Oblivion, it was called. It was a spooky place, really, with a black paint job on the outside, and pristine white hallways on the inside. He was being trained to control his 'Gift', as they called it.

But the worst part of it all was that he was being roomed with some guy he didn't even know!

Well, hopefully he didn't know him, otherwise it would be quite awkward indeed.

You see, Jack had sort of a gay streak in him. He disliked woman and their manipulative natures. Men were much more moral and much more predictable.

Jack was sitting on his bed, shuffling his special deck of cards, when someone knocked on the door.

"Come in," he said. The door opened and Jack stared at the familiar face.

Oh turds.

"Oh, uh, hi Danny," he stuttered. Turd, turd, turd, turd. Daniel Atlas, the main magician and control freak of their group, the Four Horsemen, was by far the most attractive person Jack had ever met. And he was rooming with Jack. Great.

"Hey," he said, giving Jack a weird look before stepping inside and shutting the door behind him.

"So you're my roommate, huh?"

Any glimmers of hope Jack had had were crushed by that one seemingly innocent statement.

"Yeah."

"Well, that's... good." He walked over to the window and stared out it, back turned to Jack. Jack, being Jack, took the time to check him out.

Danny hadn't changed much. His clothes were still worn, with slight tears in the fabrics from jumping over fences to escape the FBI. The chestnut brown mop of hair on his head looked slightly longer than when Jack had last seen it. But the thing that had changed about Danny most was his demeanor.

His crystal blue eyes no longer sparkled with the knowledge that he knew something you didn't.

When he had seen Jack, they had only looked on with confusion, sorrow and... regret. He had lost most of the cheerfulness and confidence he had shown while they were performing their 'year of living dangerously', as Merritt called it.

Speaking of Merritt, where was he and Henley?

"Hey, Danny?" Jack asked cautiously. Danny didn't turn around.

"Yes?"

"Where's Henley and Merritt?"

There was a brief pause, and as Danny turned around, Jack saw tears in his eyes.

"They're gone, Jack. Gone to a better place."

Danny turned back around, leaving Jack to his thoughts. Henley and Merritt were dead? How?

Merritt had been like a father to him, and although he and Henley had always battled to gain Danny's attention, they were like siblings. And since there was no chance that Danny would feel the same way about him, Jack had relented, and Danny and Henley had been together for quite a while.

What went wrong?

Jack could hear Danny quietly sobbing into his hands, muffling the sound. He had to help, even if it was only temporary. He walked up to Danny and put his arms around him. Danny stopped sobbing, but tears were still streaming down his face.

"I'm sorry, I miss them too," Jack told him. "They were like family."

Danny looked at him like Jack was all he had left, and that was slightly true. The mere thought took Jack's breath away, but he had to keep talking, for Danny.

"Merritt was like a father figure, and Henley a sister." He paused. "I know she meant a lot to you."

Danny was silent for a bit, then he looked back at Jack with a look of hope.

"YOU mean more," He whispered, and then he was kissing Jack with more desperation and determination Jack had ever seen in the magician. He was so stunned he didn't kiss back until it was too late.

"I'm sorry," Danny whispered again, and then he was gone, out the door. Jack was left in stunned silence as the door swung shut silently behind him.

Chapter End Notes

'He disliked woman and their manipulative natures. Men were much more moral and much more predictable.'

I'm a girl, so don't be offended by that statement. Also, I agree that men are more predictable. ;)

But no offense to any men reading this either!

Mistaken for Rejection

Chapter Summary

Because when someone misunderstands you, it makes things a whole lot fluffier.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Danny slumped sullenly in a white couch. He had fled to the library after Jack had rejected him. It would be the last place the Sleight would look.

There was a guy sitting in front of him, nose buried in a book titled, 'Hallucinations and Delusions, The Book of Retribution'. He had long, slate blue hair that kept falling in his face, and he was scribbling notes in the margins. Without looking up, he said,

"What do you want?"

"Um... I, um, nothing."

"You obviously don't want nothing." He finished writing, closed the book, then turned to Danny with a small sigh.

"I-um," He stuttered, feeling suprised at the direct approach. "Do we know each other?"

"We are not acquaintances, no. I'm Zexion," The boy said.

"I'm Danny," Danny answered back.

"So, now that we have some mutual respect for each other, what do you want?" Zexion asked bluntly.

"Um..." Danny thought for a moment. "The ability to travel back in time."

"Well, unfortunately, unless you are able to get your hands on a time turner or such, I'm afraid that is methodically impossible," He replied, frowning. "Why do you need that specific ability, if I may ask?"

"Mph, it's ah... it's nothing."

"Didn't I say this before?" Zexion asked with a sigh. "You obviously don't want nothing."

"Okay, fine!" Danny blurted out. "There's this guy that I like who I'm rooming with and he doesn't like me back, at least, I don't think he does, and I'm stuck on what to do because I just kissed him and he didn't respond and it was really awkward and I have no idea what to do!"

Zexion paused, processing the information. Then he said,

"You're gay?"

"Ugh, yes, don't judge me!" Danny slumped in the sofa, defeated.

"That's okay, I am too. Though I prefer the term homosexual," Zexion stated. Danny looked at him.

"So, any relationships, then?"

"Yes, in fact, with the ball of energy bounding towards us from 10 o'clock." Danny looked and saw another boy practically leaping towards them. He had blonde hair, styled into a mullet, and sea blue eyes. He stopped in front of them.

"Hey, Zexy!" He said.

"Hello, Demyx," Zexion replied casually.

"So, whatcha up to?"

"Talking."

"Well, duh!"

Demyx and Zexion were so different that they brang to mind an old saying Danny had heard out on the streets. Opposites attract. At the time, he had thought they were talking about magnets, but now the saying made sense. More sense than it should have.

Danny realised that Demyx had been talking and was looking at him expectantly, as if he had asked him a question.

"Hmph?" Danny said.

"How eloquent," Zexion muttered under his breath.

"Sorry," Danny tried again. "What did you say?"

Demyx laughed. "I said, you need relationship advice, right?"

"Oh, yeah."

"So, what's your problem?" Danny explained, a little slower and clearer than when he had spoken to Zexion.

"Interesting," Demyx murmured, then he looked up. "I would just go back and say sorry, if they don't feel the same way you'll switch rooms, and that maybe you weren't in your right mind at the time."

Suddenly the door to the library swung open and in marched Jack.

"H-hey, Jack," Danny said weakly. "I-um, I'm sorry for that and I'll switch rooms if you want and-mph!" Jack walked over and kissed him fully, cutting off any words Danny was about to say.

"That was easier than expected," Zexion muttered.

Jack pulled away. "Shut up," he said, smiling slightly.

"O-okay," Danny said awkwardly.

Demyx grinned. "So, now that that's settled, shall we all go out for ice cream?"

Chapter End Notes

Wouldn't Roxas be the one to want ice cream? :D

Read some of my ideas for fanfiction at <http://floofloo.webs.com/>. If you really like one, you can request it in the comments box below. Thanks so much for reading, and have a FANTABULOUS day!

Okay, this is kind of depressing, but a good way to help end homophobia, so here goes. I watched Hozier's Take Me To Church video and I kind of died inside. How could people be so close-minded and violent? Like I can't take it. :(

So I'm reposting this at the end of all of my fanfictions. Yay for me. If you want to see all of it check out my website at the above link.

Also, please don't flame. Nobody likes people blowing up in their faces for their opinions.

I am the girl kicked out of her home because I confided in my mother that I am a lesbian.

I am the sister who holds her gay brother tight through the painful, tear-filled nights.

I am the foster child who wakes up with nightmares of being taken away from the two fathers who are the only loving family I have ever had. I wish they could adopt me.

I am one of the lucky ones, I guess. I survived the attack that left me in a coma for three weeks, and in another year I will probably be able to walk again.

I am not one of the lucky ones. I killed myself just weeks before graduating high school. It was simply too much to bear.

I am the father who has never hugged his son because I grew up afraid to show affection to other men.

I am the home-economics teacher who always wanted to teach gym until someone told me that only lesbians do that.

I am the man who died when the paramedics stopped treating me as soon as they

realized I was transgender.

I am the person who feels guilty because I think I could be a much better person if I did not have to always deal with society hating me.

I am the person who has to hide what this world needs most, love.

Re-post this if you believe homophobia is wrong. Please do your part to end it.

End Notes

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Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!